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TORRANCE, CALIFORNIA

"TORRANCE MEANS BUSINESS"

"The Modern Industrial City" and "America's First Great Industrial Garden City"—10,000 in 1925

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THE "ALL HOME NEWS" PAPER

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RICHARDSON MAKES ECONOMY FIRST PLANK OF PLATFORM.

FRIEND RICHARDSON, Republican nominee for State Governor, has "the strongest kind of an economy plank" in his campaign platform. It is as strong for economy as he is himself, and that is as strong as he knows how to be.

It was the main plank in his own platform when fighting for the nomination. He won on it, and he believes that the Republican party in California can win on it in November.

In this belief he is supported by all that voted for him at the primaries, and by many that voted for his opponent. Not all that cast their ballots for Stephens were friends or agents of the Johnson machine. Many of them were personal friends of the incumbent and many did not realize the extent to which the machine had been supported by Governor Stephens.

"I have been preaching nothing but economy for over a year," says the Republican nominee, "and I intend to keep preaching it to the end. . . . I attribute my success to the fact that the people understood what I was talking about and believed I could and would practice what I preached."

But Richardson is specific, as well as emphatic, on the main plank of his platform. He means business and tells us the kind of business that he means.

If elected, he will adopt no petty, cheese-paring policy in respect of humane legislation or the educational activities of the State, but in all other things he will cut to the bone.

He makes the sensational statement, and it is sensational because it is true, that the expenses of the State during the last six years have increased six times as fast as the population, and that most of the increase is due to extravagance, incompetence and mismanagement.

* * *

It comes as a shock to the people to learn that California is paying in taxation of all kinds more than a million dollars a day, and that State expenditures alone are increasing six times faster than the rate of increase in population.

No community can afford that extravagance. The tax on industry is holding industry back. So much capital is required for taxes that there is less than is needed for new enterprises.

But it is not only business that is handicapped in its rate of progress by the diversion of capital to pay the salaries of the Johnson machine manipulators; the burden falls upon taxpayers of all kinds. It enters into the cost of building a home and maintaining it and into the price that is paid for rented homes or apartments.

People complain of the high cost of living and fail to see that in large measure it is caused by high taxation.

Richardson, as Governor, will not be able to cut down on those expenditures authorized by the people, but he will see to it that there is economy wherever economy is possible, and by weeding out the incompetents give the people better value for their money and thereby check present waste and extravagance.

RICHARDSON FOR GOVERNOR AND FOR STATE ECONOMY makes a splendid campaign slogan.

TORRANCE OIL.

THOUSANDS of oil workers are toiling relentlessly day and night in the local fields perfecting one of the greatest petroleum enterprises in the world. The concert of sounds made by the ponderous machinery, gushing steam from exhaust pipes and the steady drive of powerful engines tells the story of immense doings, while each new derrick adds more activity in drilling operations. It is becoming more wonderful as the carpenters, who are the vanguards, put up a derrick almost in a day, to be followed by giant truck loads of machinery and oil rigging apparatus. Thus the field grows with magnetic power, reaching to the northwest. With every well a success where will the end be? It has been repeatedly said that a literal ocean of oil abounds under miles of area in this part of the Southland, and every new discovery is helping to make it more sure.

BOY SCOUT CONVENTION.

THE Boy Scout movement in America has grown in the course of a few years to a membership of more than half a million. Every barrier of misunderstanding has been removed, and the organization is now actively supported by all manner of associations, public, political, social, religious and educational. Its prime purpose is character-building and training in citizenship, and it is open to all boys irrespective of religious faiths, creeds or nationalities.

Last week the executives of the Boy Scouts of America held a Nation-wide conference at Blue Ridge, N. C., where more than 400 leaders attended. Eminent speakers of all kinds delivered short addresses, and the delegates exchanged ideas on the best methods of advancing the movement both as to membership and usefulness.

There is a big idea of worthy citizenship at the base of the Boy Scout organization, and it is presented to the young in a picturesque and therefore an attractive form.

Boy's Adventures In Jungle

True Story of Thrilling Experiences of Torrance Resident in the Wilds of Florida Everglades

The publisher takes pleasure in presenting the following story, in serial form, of the exciting experiences of a resident of Torrance, who when a boy of seven, spent several months in the then unexplored Everglades of Florida.

While the writer is well known to us, he desires for the time being that his name be withheld. The history of the months covered in this biography has never been told and the boys and young men of this district are fortunate in being able to read for the first time a narrative that is filled with truthful experiences, that for sheer excitement and danger, equal any from the pen of Stanley, Livingstone or our late lamented Roosevelt.

In reading the story please remember that the adventure was undertaken in 1875, at a time when the southern portion of Florida was practically untouched by the foot of white man, and that the writer actually met Indians and natives who had never seen a white face. During the succeeding years this section of Florida has been made the winter mecca for the leisure class and many of the scenes in the thrilling story are laid where now magnificent hotels and resorts stand, a testimonial to the progress and prosperity of our country.

The story will be continued over a period of from six to eight weeks. If you enjoy adventure and are a lover of the great out-doors, don't miss a single chapter.

WE were dog-tired, the whole lot of us. The Indian guide dozed in his blankets, the negro boatman, a whale of a man, whose duty it was when on shore to gather the wood for the fire and keep it going and who usually was tireless, no matter what his tasks had been during the day, was nodding, and Mother and I were "all in."

We had had a terribly hard day. The wind which was a gentle zephyr early in the morning, had come in strong from the sea during the forenoon and before mid-afternoon big black clouds were scurrying across the sky, the usually placid Indian river was whipped into a foam-covered sheet of water and we had to shorten sail, the first time since we left Titusville, fifty miles away.

On this account no word of blame was uttered when after supper, prepared and eaten between heavy downpours of rain, Joe, the boatman, allowed the fire to die down, and relaxed the vigilance he had maintained constantly since we left civilization forty-eight hours before. Imagine the situation.

Two hundred miles from the nearest white person. Surrounded on every hand by a forest through which no white man had ever traveled, and that was infested by every known species of semi-tropical animal and reptile, and guarded from hourly danger by an Indian, whose language we could not speak, and a badly frightened negro.

But to begin at the beginning, so that you will understand why a mother and her young son found themselves at the mercy of the elements, the wild animals of the jungle and the constant menace of the criminals and outlaws who made the Everglades their stamping ground.

The year before my father had died. While it was supposed he had left mother and I well off in this world's goods, the appraisal of the estate showed that instead of living in comparative comfort we would have to earn our livelihood.

I was only seven years of age then, but when Mother told me of our plight, I began selling papers on the street of Jacksonville, Florida, where I was born. Mother was an excellent amateur artist, and some of her Florida sketches, falling into the hands of friends in New York, were brought to the attention of Frank Leslie, whose magazine, Leslie's Weekly, was then the leading illustrated paper of this country.

In a short time Mr. Leslie communicated with mother, offered her a splendid salary and expenses if she would undertake a trip into the dark, forbidding Everglades of Florida, and supply his magazine with sketches and a story of the trip.

Lying south of all human habitation and occupying the southern section of the interior of the State the Everglades were the refuge of convicts who had escaped from northern prisons, and of hermits, who for various reasons had left civilization and sought apparent peace of mind in the solitude of the Southern swamps.

But worst of all to Mother and me were the dangers of the forest that were filled with snakes, scorpions, centipedes, bears, panthers, and wildcats.

The tales that had been told around our fireplace in Jacksonville by daring travelers who had invaded the outer edge of the Everglades, recurred to Mother, and nothing but dire need of immediate money ever could have induced her to undertake the trip.

With ample means at Mother's command, supplied by her employer with which to outfit for the trip that was to take us into an unexplored region in which it was said no white person could live, owing to the prevalence of yellow fever and malaria, to say nothing of the danger from snakes and wild

animals, Mother engaged the services of an old resident of the Southern part of the state, who knew just what was needed. This old trapper, hunter and woodsman, preceded us by more than a month, and when we reached Titusville, several hundred miles south of Jacksonville, and the last line of communication with civilization, he had everything to the last detail, arranged for our comfort.

The equipment consisted in part of a thirty-foot yacht, that had been built years before by a retired ship builder who had used the wood of the swamp cypress, next to lignum vitae, the hardest wood known. The cabin was fitted up in the most modern way and included besides ample sleeping quarters for the skipper and a deck hand, a large cabin for the accommodation of Mother and myself.

With the forward part of the boat loaded with camping outfit, eatables, firearms and ammunition, we set sail, the departure of the first white woman who dared brave the dangers of such a voyage, being attended as far as the beach by every resident of Titusville, many of whom begged Mother to abandon her plans and who openly predicted that we would never return alive.

Heading out into the beautiful Indian river, that at Titusville was more than a mile wide, and that at intervals along its three hundred-mile course flowed within a few hundred yards of the ocean, we waved a rather reluctant and sad good-bye to the throngs on the beach and began a voyage that was to cover experiences and adventures experienced only by such explorers as Stanley and Livingstone.

Before leaving Titusville I had been so unfortunate as to injure one of my feet in a most peculiar manner. Along the Florida coast is a fish, at that time unclassified by scientists, but now known as the Hermit Fish, that upon being brought to the surface and as a means of defense, has the faculty of being able to blow itself up much as a boy blows up a toy balloon, but much more rapidly. I had thought it great sport to catch these fish and watch them distend themselves. So tightly was the skin of the fish drawn when fully inflated that if suddenly punctured there followed an explosion, with a noise like a huge firecracker.

Another lad of my own age, and myself conceived the boyish plan of catching several of these queer fish, laying them in a row on the beach and of jumping on them and enjoying the series of explosions.

We caught our fish, laid them out at regular intervals along the beach sand and I, as the visiting guest, was allowed first try. Mother said that for my cruelty to the inoffensive fish I got just what I deserved, and while I didn't agree with her at that time, I am sure now she was right.

Both of us were barefooted, and as I landed on the next to the last fish I felt the most awful pain in my left foot and fell, almost fainting to the ground. My companion, seeing blood running from my injured foot and hearing my screams of fright and suffering, ran to the nearest house. When assistance came they found me unconscious, and discovered that I had jumped, not on the live fish, but on the skeleton of a horseshoe fish, the bony tail of which had pierced my foot, entering the bottom and coming through the upper surface.

This queer specimen of sea life is shaped much like a horseshoe and is covered, not with scales, but with a shell-like substance that hardens, as does its pointed tail,

ENTHUSIASTIC MEETING OF SECRETARIES

Matters of Import to Torrance and Lomita Discussed

That the hospitality of the Long Beach Chamber of Commerce in welcoming its sister organizations throughout the Fourth Supervisorial District is only exceeded by the beauty of the former's new building at the corner of Elm and Ocean avenue, where the reception took place, was the consensus of opinion of the various delegates who attended the meeting of the Associated Chambers of Commerce in the beach city last Thursday.

The delegations from Torrance, Lomita, Gardena, Inglewood, and various other cities and town in this supervisorial district were met and welcomed by Lynn Ballard, Secretary of the Long Beach chamber, who exhibited with a great deal of satisfaction the new organization's new quarters.

Many matters of the most vital importance were discussed at the meeting that followed the impromptu reception, residents of Torrance and Lomita taking an active part in the proceedings as noted in the following resume:

Capt. Hansen of San Pedro, reported that in the matter of the Flood Control the committee was to meet with Chief Engineer Reagan, Monday, September 18th, to get the

when exposed for any length of time to the air.

The tail that had done the mischief was about the size of a small pencil at the base, but tapered to a needle-point at the end and on each side was covered with saw-like teeth pointing toward the creature's body. When the fish is attacked in the water it uses this tail as a means of defense and when it dies and is washed up on the beach, its tail is pointed upward and is so hard and sharp that it will easily penetrate a thick piece of board. The barbs on the side of the tail had easily penetrated my foot, but when the village doctor attempted to withdraw it through the bottom of the foot the barbs caused such untold suffering that I was compelled to allow its withdrawal through the top of my instep. Fearing the wound might cause blood poisoning, we were detained in Titusville long after the yacht was ready to sail, but when the doctor pronounced me safe from any after effects, I hobbled aboard the boat and we left the scene of my boyish attempt to "be smart."

If you children will bear with me in reciting an exciting incident that happened before we reached Titusville, I promise that from there on the story of my adventures will follow closely the trip down the river and our entry into the Everglades, and later into Lake Ocachoobe.

When Mother and I left Jacksonville, we traveled on a stern-wheel steamer down the St. John's river almost to its source with side trip up the Oklawaha river. The latter is now one of the wonderful sight-seeing trips being made annually by thousands of tourists, but when I was a boy it was only navigated by a tiny stern-wheel steamer that made the round trip once a month—if it was lucky.

The river is so narrow and its banks so closely wooded that the steamer is frequently delayed while the crew chops down and removes a tree that has fallen across the stream. The banks of the river are really not banks at all, but a tangle of water cypress whose roots are imbedded in a muck that is alive with snakes and actually millions of alligators, while long neck cranes and an American species of flamingo, make the night hideous with their eternal cries.

For night travel along this crooked stream a great iron pan filled with pine knots is fastened to the bow of the steamer. The great flame lights up the river and the surrounding swamps and casts shadows that make the roots of the trees look like giant devil fish with their many tentacles, and is reflected in the eyes of the alligators whose heads alone show above the water of the swamp. At one of the stops along the route where the steamer "wooded up" Mother got one of the colored crew to row us around a bend in the river, where she had seen some wonderfully brilliant flowers growing. As the boatman reached for the branch of flowers that overhung the stream, a great water moccasin that had been coiled about the overhanging branch dropped into the boat.

Realizing that its bite meant almost instant death, as the snake is classed along with the cobra and the diamond-backed rattler as the most deadly vipers, the negro literally picked Mother and I up and threw us overboard. Fortunately the water was but waist deep and we waded ashore while the negro dispatched the snake with an oar. We saw several moccasins later, but never one so large as this, that measured more than five feet in length and was as large around as your wrist.

A rising, and rousing vote of thanks to the Long Beach chamber of commerce brought the interesting meeting to a close.

Look out for the man who accepts your apology when you intentionally step on his toes.

The man who keeps out of trouble may miss some excitement, but he will sleep better.

(Continued Next Week.)

report of the committee before the County Board of Supervisors and upon motion by Merriam of Long Beach, the committee was given full power to act.

Secretary Johnson of Wilmington reported having invited Inglewood and Watts to join the Fourth District Chambers of Commerce and that the invitation had been accepted.

H. D. Pottenger reported that the matter of the granting of a franchise to the Santa Fe to enter Los Angeles Harbor was up before the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Mr. Pottenger also reported that in the matter of Western avenue the committee had met with the Public Works committee of the Los Angeles City Council on Tuesday, September 12th, and that as a result of this meeting and conference a definite promise was obtained from the chairman of the Public Works committee to bring this matter to the attention of the City and County Engineering and Legal departments with the recommendation that Western avenue between Electric avenue and 190th streets be graded and surfaced with decomposed granite and that the expense of same be equally divided between the city, the county, and the abutting property.

Secretary Finkle of the Southwest Civic Improvement association reported having circulated a petition addressed to the city and county officials asking the former to pave a strip 20 feet wide and the latter to pave the east side of the railroad track on Vermont avenue and that over 50% of the property owners in this territory had signed it.

Phelps of Gardena reported that committeeman Lampman had secured the signatures of nearly every property owner to the petition circulated in his territory. Captain Hansen reported that six steamshovels were working near the City Hall in San Pedro, cutting away for the extension of Vermont.

Mr. Gourdier of Torrance reported having attended a conference of the Third, Fourth and Fifth Supervisorial Districts representatives and the Board of Supervisors, Tuesday, September 5th, and as a result of this conference, the County Supervisors agreed to bring the matter before the City and County Engineering legislative and financial departments in an effort to secure a lower grade through this pass. Mr. Gourdier also reported that through the efforts of the Fourth District Chambers of Commerce inter-city mail facilities in this district had been greatly speeded up by reason of the fact that mail from one to another of these cities did not now have to pass through Los Angeles.

Secretary Johnson of Wilmington reported that due to the lack of funds the City of Los Angeles was unable to consider the filling and bringing of the estuary on the Anaheim road in Wilmington, but that they declared their intention of resurfacing the present bridge.

The deplorable condition of the road between Lomita and Redondo on the north side of the Palos Verdes Hills was emphasized and the Secretary instructed to write a letter to the County Supervisors, calling their attention to it.

Howard of Redondo Villa made a motion which was seconded by Adams of Lomita and carried, that in view of the fact that Manhattan Beach was willing to pay half the cost of the paving of Gault avenue, from a point near Redondo Villa to Manhattan Beach, if the county would pay the other half, this matter will be taken up with the supervisors.

Secretary Pomeroy of Redondo Beach, gave an interesting talk on City Planning and Finkle and Mayor Peck of Compton made detailed explanation of the operation of municipality owned water systems and the result thereof.

Lynn Ballard, Secretary of the Long Beach Chamber of Commerce, being called on for a few remarks, gave a brief resume of the growth of Long Beach and its Chamber of Commerce, and welcomed the Fourth District Chamber of Commerce to his city.

Baldwin and Rose of Long Beach announced the coming Mardi Gras in Long Beach and invited all Civic organizations in the Fourth District to participate.

Redondo Beach extended an invitation to hold the November meetings there, and upon motion by Pottenger, the invitation was accepted.

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